

6/13

MARVEL

COMICS

MYSTERY

NO.
83

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IN THIS ISSUE
"The
PHOTO
PHANTOM!"
A FULL-LENGTH ACTION-THRILLER



HERE IT IS!



IT WALKS!
IT BOUNCES!
IT CRAWLS!

This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.

SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only \$1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

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224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me..... Mr. Walker. On arrival I will deposit \$1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



MAIL THE ORDER
COUPON TODAY
SEND NO MONEY

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THE HUMAN TORCH



MURDER IN A PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO—DAZZLING LIGHT AND DARKNESS—DARKNESS IN A TORTURED MIND THAT CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT DID IN THAT SPLIT SECOND BETWEEN LIFE—AND DEATH IT'S STARTLING MYSTERY! BUT LEAVE IT TO THAT FLAMING POWER-PACKED PAIR **TORCH** AND **TORO** TO THROW LIGHT ON BAFFLING CRIME AND CUNNING FOE AS THE FEARLESS DUO BATTLES AGAINST

The PHOTO Phantom!

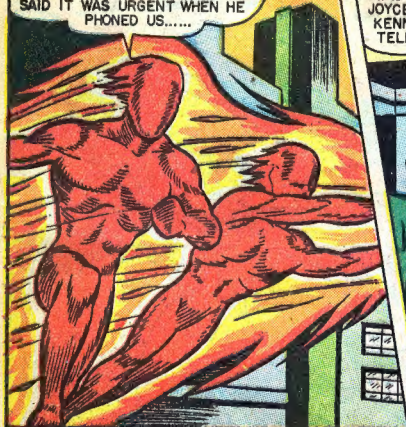
THOSE TWO NEMESSES OF CRIME, TORCH AND TORO, ARE ON A MISSION!

I WONDER WHAT THAT WEALTHY JOHN J. CURTIS WANTS, LAD. HE SAID IT WAS URGENT WHEN HE PHONED US.....

SHORT MINUTES LATER, AT THE CURTIS HOME....

TORCH AND TORO, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME.....I'M JOYCE CURTIS.....THIS IS KENNETH STANTON.....I'LL TELL FATHER YOU'RE HERE!

IT IS WELL THAT YOU TWO CAME ALONG SO PROMPTLY.



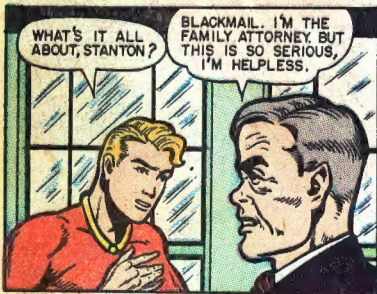
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, STANTON?

BLACKMAIL. I'M THE FAMILY ATTORNEY, BUT THIS IS SO SERIOUS, I'M HELPLESS.

WHY NOT TELL THE POLICE?

TOO DELICATE A MATTER...THEY'LL EXPLAIN...I MUST BE GOING NOW!

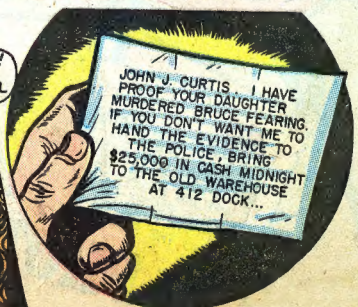
FATHER WILL SEE YOU IN THE LIBRARY!



TORCH AND TORO MEET AN INTENSELY WORRIED MAN.

MR. CURTIS, YOUR LAWYER TOLD US YOU'RE BEING BLACKMAILED! WHY HAVEN'T YOU CALLED IN THE POLICE?

I DON'T DARE! I'LL SHOW YOU THE BLACKMAIL NOTE.





I READ OF THE BRUCE FEARING CASE TWO MONTHS AGO. THE MURDERER WAS NEVER FOUND, MISS JOYCE! WAS IT YOU?

THAT'S THE HORRIBLE PART! I DON'T KNOW!



IT HAPPENED AT HIS PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO. HE AND ARMAND WRIGHT WERE PARTNERS. THEY REMODELED AN OLD HOUSE AS THEIR STUDIO...IT WAS 6 O'CLOCK.... EVENING...I WENT THERE TO SPEAK TO BRUCE....



"BRUCE WAS ALONE. HE'D BEEN DRINKING."

SO YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME, JOYCE? I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE CURTIS FAMILY, EH?

IT'S NOT THAT, BRUCE. IT'S YOUR DRINKING AND GAMBLING.



SO WHAT? I'M LUCKY AT IT, AND LET ME TELL YOU, SOME OF YOUR FINEST PEOPLE GAMBLE. YOU'RE NOT WALKING OUT ON ME!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!



"MY TEMPER WAS AROUSED BY HIS DRUNKEN SNEERING."

YOU'RE CRUEL! I HATE YOU!

HOW INTERESTING! THEN WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME! MY GUN'S ON THE DESK. USE IT... HA-HA-HA!



WHAT'S THAT? I CAN'T SEE.... I FEEL FAINT...OH....

"MY MIND WENT BLANK-AND WHEN I
CAME TO AGAIN, I HELD A SMOKING
GUN

BRUCE!...WHAT HAVE
I DONE! I MUST GET
AWAY!

I LEFT THE GUN THERE,
BUT I HAD PRESENCE OF
MIND TO WIPE OFF MY
FINGERPRINTS, AND I RAN!
I THOUGHT I HAD
ESCAPED UNDETECTED.
BUT SOMEONE
KNOWS SOMEONE
SAW ME.... IF I
WERE SURE I KILLED
BRUCE, I'D GO TO
THE POLICE, GIVE
MYSELF UP....

KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT
TONIGHT, CURTIS....BE AT THE
WAREHOUSE WITH THE MONEY.
IT'S THE FIRST STEP IN GETTING
AT THE TRUTH/ TORO AND I
WILL BE SEEING YOU....
LET'S GO, LAD!

SOUNDS
LIKE
WE'LL
BE
THERE
TOO!

BUT IF I'M INNOCENT,
I'M AFRAID THEY
WONT BELIEVE MY
STORY....THE WHITE
LIGHT AND MY MIND
GOING BLANK...

I'VE AN
IDEA!

WHAT
IS IT?

**MIDNIGHT-AND THE WORRIED FATHER ENTERS
THE SHADOWY, MUSTY WAREHOUSE.....**

YOU HAVE THE
MONEY?

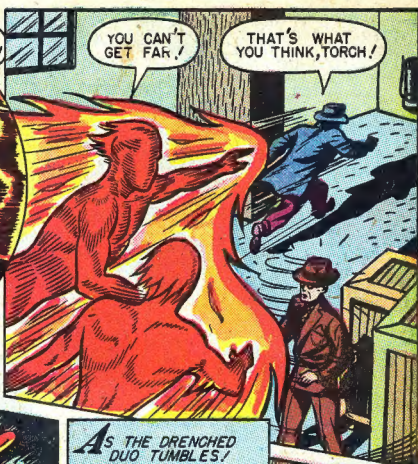
YES, BUT BEFORE I PAY
YOU I WANT TO SEE
THE EVIDENCE.

THIS PICTURE IS
EVIDENCE ENOUGH!

GOOD LORD /JOYCE
ACTUALLY FIRING
THE GUN/ THEN
SHE DID...I MUST
HAVE THE NEGATIVES
TOO!



HAND OVER THAT PICTURE!



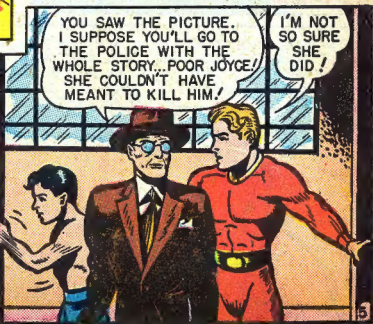
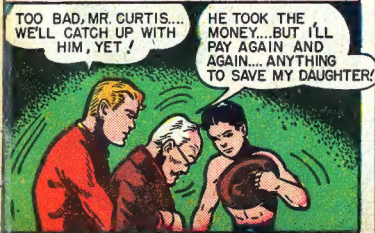
SUDDENLY!

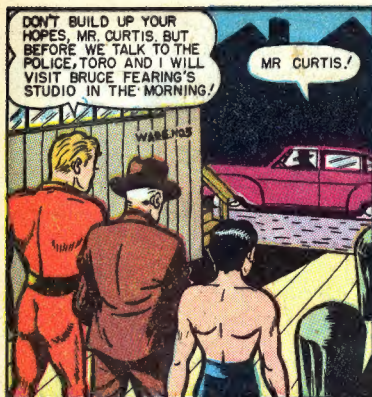


AS THE DRENCHED DUO TUMBLES!



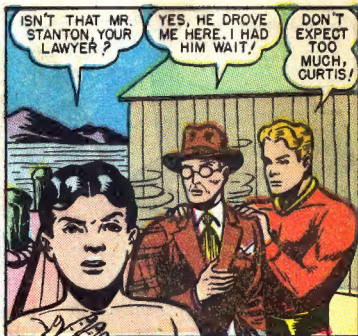
THE TORRID BOYS REGAIN THEIR FEET, BUT THE GRIMESTER IS GONE...





DON'T BUILD UP YOUR HOPES, MR. CURTIS, BUT BEFORE WE TALK TO THE POLICE, TORO AND I WILL VISIT BRUCE FEARING'S STUDIO IN THE MORNING!

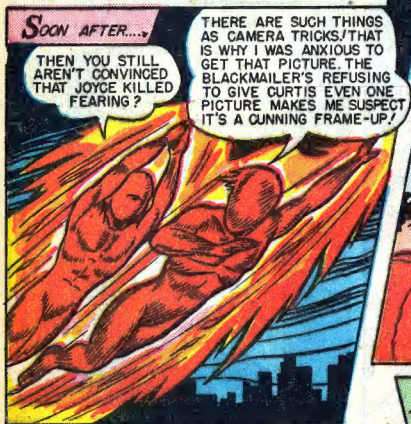
MR CURTIS!



ISN'T THAT MR. STANTON, YOUR LAWYER?

YES, HE DROVE ME HERE. I HAD HIM WAIT!

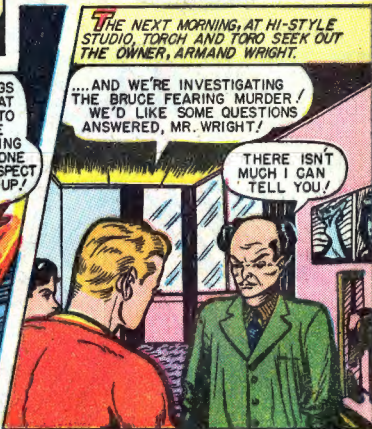
DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH, CURTIS!



SOON AFTER....

THEN YOU STILL AREN'T CONVINCED THAT JOYCE KILLED FEARING?

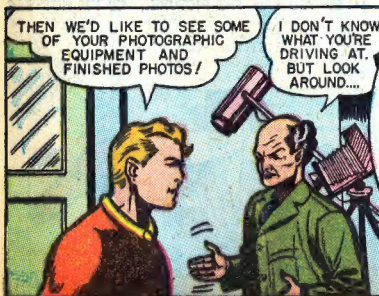
THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS CAMERA TRICKS! THAT IS WHY I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET THAT PICTURE. THE BLACKMAILER'S REFUSING TO GIVE CURTIS EVEN ONE PICTURE MAKES ME SUSPECT IT'S A CUNNING FRAME-UP!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT HI-STYLE STUDIO, TORCH AND TORO SEEK OUT THE OWNER, ARMAND WRIGHT.

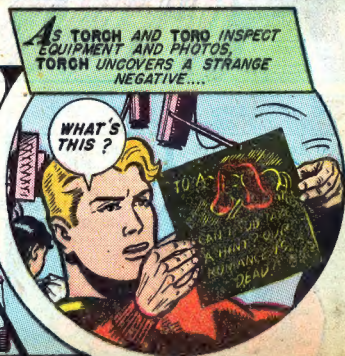
....AND WE'RE INVESTIGATING THE BRUCE FEARING MURDER! WE'D LIKE SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED, MR. WRIGHT!

THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN TELL YOU!



THEN WE'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT AND FINISHED PHOTOS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT. BUT LOOK AROUND....



AS TORCH AND TORO INSPECT EQUIPMENT AND PHOTOS, TORCH UNCOVERS A STRANGE NEGATIVE....

WHAT'S THIS?

TO A...
CAN'T YOU TELL
A HINT? OUR
RUNNING TO
DEAD!

JUST SOME OF BRUCE'S ECCENTRICITY/ HE WROTE HIS CORRESPONDENCE LIKE A COMIC VALENTINE, SKETCHING THE PERSON TO WHOM HE WAS ADDRESSING THE NOTE. A SYMBOLIC SKETCH! THEN HE PHOTOGRAPHED THE WHOLE THING....

WHO'S THE RED-HEADED CAT HE WAS BRUSHING OFF IN THIS?

SHE'S LOLITA HILLSON-ONE OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS! BRUCE AND SHE WERE AN ITEM FOR A WHILE. HERE SHE IS NOW!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA TALKING ABOUT ME?

THIS IS **TORCH** AND **TORO**, THEY'RE INVESTIGATING BRUCE'S MURDER.

AND YOU'RE TRYING TO PUT ME IN A BAD LIGHT, EH? O.K. DID YOU TELL **TORCH** HOW YOU HATED BRUCE! HOW YOU QUARRELED WITH HIM, AND WOULD HAVE LOVED TO SEE HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

AND MAYBE YOU DID! AS FOR ME, I HAD AN ALIBI FOR THE TIME OF THE MURDER. NOW EXCUSE ME... I HAVE SOME WORK TO FINISH IN THE DARK ROOM....

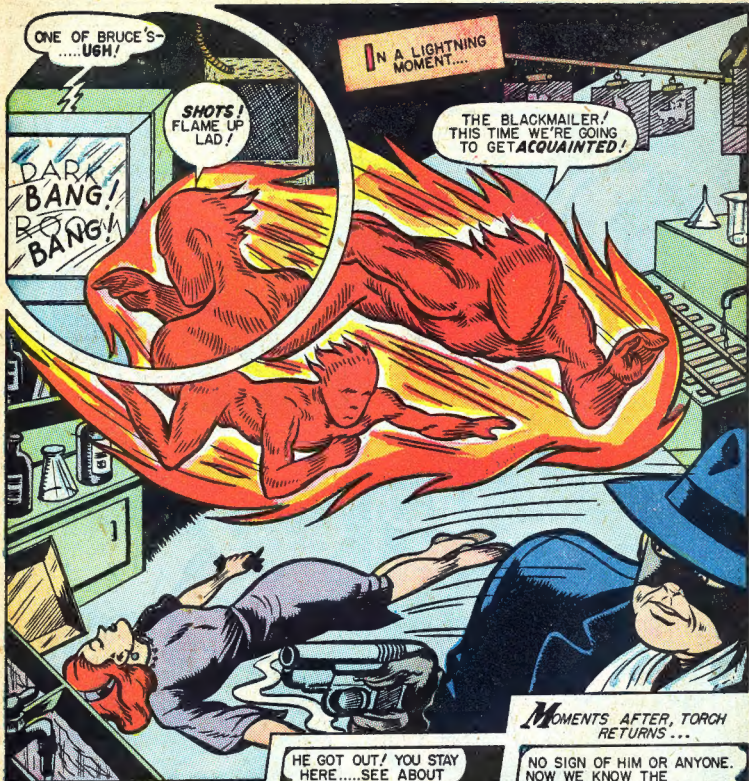
HER TALK IS ONLY A WOMAN'S WRATH! MEANS NOTHING... YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON ME, TOO... I'VE AN APPOINTMENT! AND BY THE WAY, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON MESSING UP MY PLACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A SEARCH WARRANT!

A NICE PAIR....

TECHNICALLY, HE'S CORRECT. WE'LL GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, AND GET THAT WARRANT.

TORCH! COME HERE, **QUICK!** I FOUND SOMETHING!

THAT'S LOLITA!



BUT THE CRIMESTER PROVIDES A PARTING SHOT!

FLAME OFF, TORO! **QUICK!**
DEVELOPING FLUID 20K EXPLODES
AGAINST FIRE!

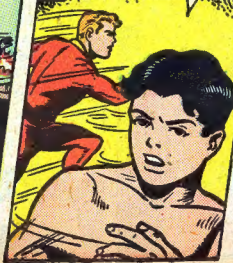
HE GOT OUT! YOU STAY
HERE.....SEE ABOUT
LOLITA, WHILE I
LOOK OUTSIDE!

OKAY! I'LL PULL
UP THE SHADES
AND GET SOME
LIGHT ON THIS!

MOMENTS AFTER, TORCH
RETURNS...

NO SIGN OF HIM OR ANYONE.
NOW WE KNOW THE
BLACKMAILER AND KILLER
ARE THE SAME! WHAT ABOUT
LOLITA? **DEAD?**

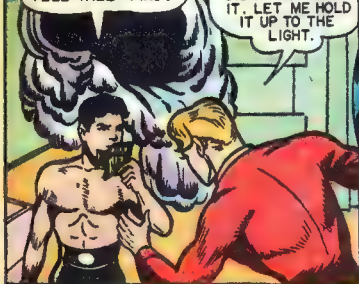
YES....THERE'S
SOMETHING IN
HER HAND!



FROM THE DEATH GRIP TORO WRESTS....

IT'S PART OF A NEGATIVE. GOSH, TORCH, THIS MUST HAVE BEEN LOLITA'S "TELL-TALE" FIND!

PROBABLY THE KILLER SNATCHED IT FROM HER, BUT DIDN'T GET ALL OF IT. LET ME HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

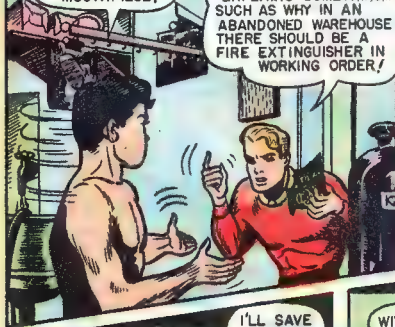


IT'S ONE OF BRUCE FEARING'S MESSAGES!

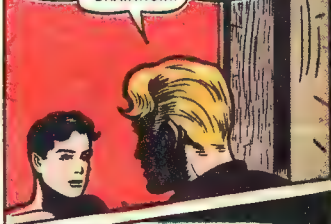


BUT WHO WAS IT FOR? TO A... AND A DRAWING OF A TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE!

MOUTHPIECE....LAD, I'VE GOT IT! A "MOUTHPIECE" IS A LAWYER! YES, THAT EXPLAINS SOMETHING... SUCH AS WHY IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE THERE SHOULD BE A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN WORKING ORDER!



UNLESS THE BLACKMAILER HAD BROUGHT IT HIMSELF TO USE ON US....LAWYER STANTON WAS THE ONLY ONE BESIDES CURTIS WHO KNEW WE'D BE THERE! THIS, TYING IN WITH THE "MOUTHPIECE" DRAWING....



THAT'S **RIGHT**, TORCH! IT MUST BE **STANTON**! LET'S CALL ON HIM PRONTO!

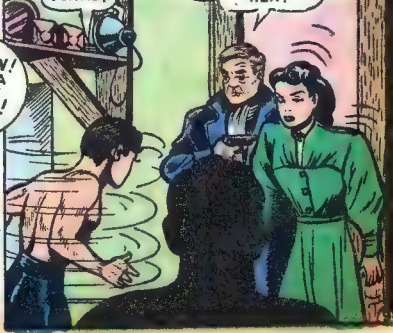
I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE!

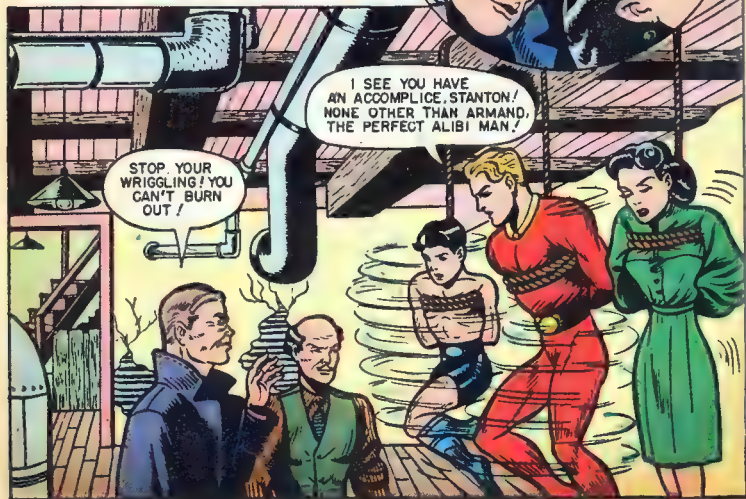
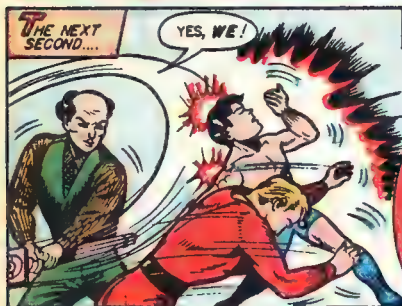
STANTON! BEHIND A SECRET PANEL!



WITH JOYCE CURTIS!

YES, INDEED....JOYCE CURTIS IS MY HOSTAGE IF YOU MAKE ONE MOVE, I WON'T HESITATE TO KILL HER!





IT'S TRUE. I DID HATE BRUCE AND WANTED TO OWN THE BUSINESS MYSELF SO I COLLABORATED WITH STANTON. STANTON DID THE ACTUAL SHOOTING, AND I HELPED TO FRAME JOYCE.

WITH THE TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE MURDER PHOTO?

YES...WE TOOK ONE OF BRUCE'S SNAPS OF JOYCE, SUPERIMPOSED IT ON ANOTHER, A SHOOTING POSE BRUCE HAD ONCE MADE HIMSELF FOR AN ILLUSTRATION. I ALSO PREPARED A FLASH BULB STANTON SET OFF TO DAZE JOYCE... THE BRILLIANT POWDER FLASH CONTAINED CHLORODIATHAL FUMES. IT DAZED BRUCE TOO....

AND ENABLED ME TO GRAB THE GUN AND KILL HIM.....THEN I PLANTED THE GUN IN JOYCE'S HANDS.... I HAD TO KILL FEARING! I OWED HIM \$10,000, A GAMBLING DEBT...IT WAS MONEY I HAD EMBEZZLED FROM THE CURTIS TRUST FUND. FEARING KNEW OF THAT AND THREATENED TO SPILL TO CURTIS!

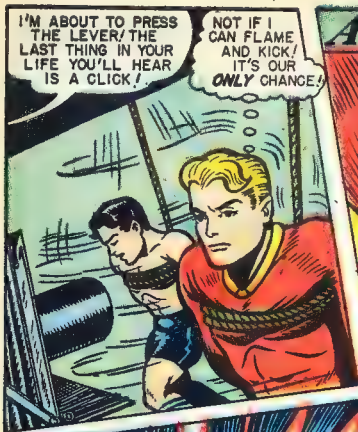
SO I DECIDED TO GET RID OF HIM! WITH THE BLACKMAIL MONEY FROM CURTIS, I COULD REPLACE THE EMBEZZLEMENT AND KEEP ON BLACKMAILING ARMAND, PREPARE OPERATION 'DEATH'! WHEEL IN THE CAMERA NOW!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

AS YOU SEE, THIS IS NO ORDINARY CAMERA. IT CONTAINS TRYOCHTOLENE ACID!

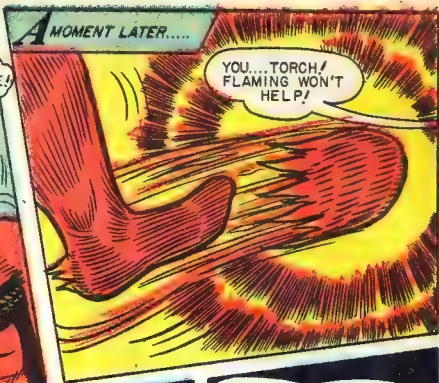
TRYOCHTOLENE! THE CUTANEOUS POISON...A BIT OF IT KILLS ON TOUCH!

EXACTLY! WE HAVE ENOUGH TRYOCHTOLENE IN THERE TO FINISH THE THREE OF YOU! WHEN I PRESS THE LEVER DOWN, A SUFFICIENT BIT OF POISON ACID WILL BE SUCTION-RELEASED THROUGH THE FUNNEL TO SPRAY EACH OF YOUR NECKS! READY, ARMAND!



I'M ABOUT TO PRESS THE LEVER/ THE LAST THING IN YOUR LIFE YOU'LL HEAR IS A CLICK!

NOT IF I CAN FLAME AND KICK! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



A MOMENT LATER....

YOU....TORCH/ FLAMING WON'T HELP!

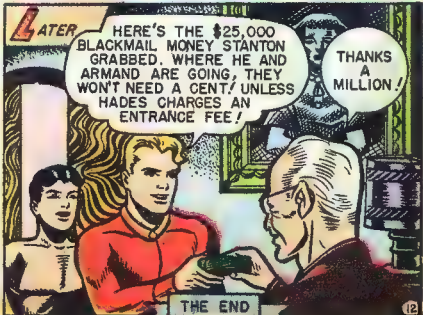


THAT EXPLOSION SNAPPED THE ROPES ABOVE! I KNEW THAT TYPE OF ACID AND FIRE WOULD CAUSE A BLAST! NOT ENOUGH TO KILL, BUT TO DAMAGE..... JOYCE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES.... THANK HEAVENS!



THEY GOT THE BRUNT OF THE BLAST, BUT THEY'RE JUST BADLY SHAKEN...PHONE THE POLICE, TORO, WHILE I WRAP THEM IN THE ROPES!



LATER

HERE'S THE \$25,000 BLACKMAIL MONEY STANTON GRABBED. WHERE HE AND ARMAND ARE GOING, THEY WON'T NEED A CENT! UNLESS HADES CHARGES AN ENTRANCE FEE!

THANKS A MILLION!

THE END

SUB-MARINER

THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER TURNS WHITE KNIGHT FOR THE WOMEN. AS A SUPER SIR GALAHAD OF FLASHING FISTS AND DYNAMIC WITS, THE DARING CRIME CRUSHER PLUNGES ON A DANGER TRAIL THAT LEADS TO MURDERING MOBSTERS AND A SINISTER SCHEME OF POWER AND DEATH. BUT WITH TABLES TIPPED ON THE VILLAINY AND A TIP TO THE GALS, THE CYCLONIC SEA PRINCE WINDS UP THE BAFFLING...



MYSTERY
OF THE
HAUNTED
POOL!

ONE NIGHT, IN A FASHIONABLE SEASIDE TOWN...

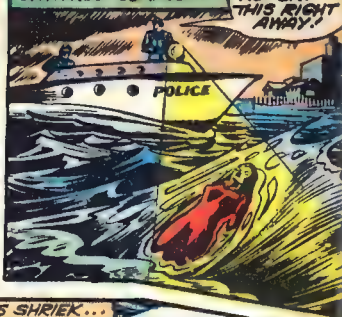
THIS IS FOR NOT
SHOWING UP WITH
THE DOUGH,
MRS. WINTERS!

THE BIG SHOT
DIDN'T LIKE IT! HE
WANTS TO SEE
YOU!

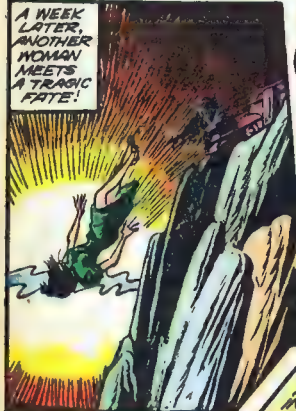


NEXT DAY, A POUNDING
SURF WASHES IN A
BATTERED CORPSE...

A BODY!
WE BETTER
REPORT
THIS RIGHT
AWAY!



A WEEK
LATER,
ANOTHER
WOMAN
MEETS
A TRAGIC
FATE!



HEADLINES SHRIEK...

EXTRA! ANOTHER
MURDER OF SOCIALLY
PROMINENT
WOMAN!

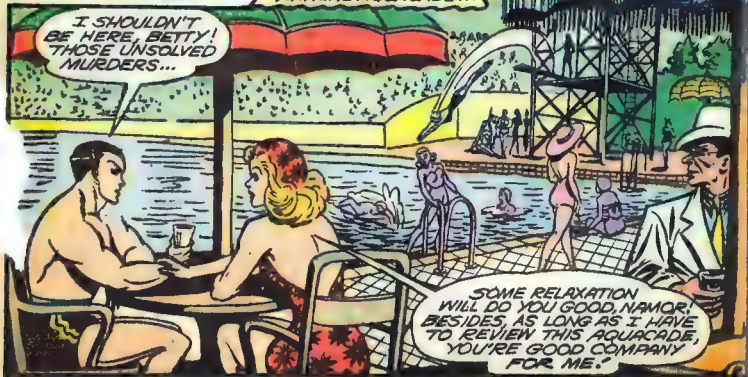
THE POLICE
SAY SHE WAS
BEATEN TO DEATH
BEFORE SHE
FELL!

LIKE
THE
WINTERS
WOMAN!

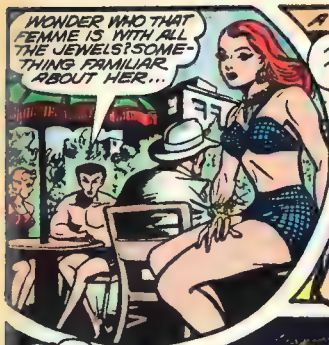


THAT EVENING, A FAMILIAR FAMED
FIGURE ALSO HAS THESE MURDERS
IN MIND AS HE ATTENDS THE TOWN'S
ANNUAL AQUACADE...

I SHOULDN'T
BE HERE, BETTY!
THOSE UNSOLVED
MURDERS...



SOME RELAXATION
WILL DO YOU GOOD, NAMOR!
BESIDES, AS LONG AS I HAVE
TO REVIEW THIS AQUACADE,
YOU'RE GOOD COMPANY
FOR ME.



WONDER WHO THAT FEMME IS WITH ALL THE JEWELS! SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER...

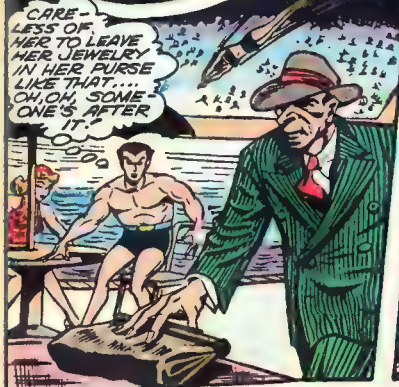
A MINUTE LATER...

AND NOW MRS. BLAINE MARSH WILL SHOW US SOME BREATHE-TAKING STUNT DIVES.

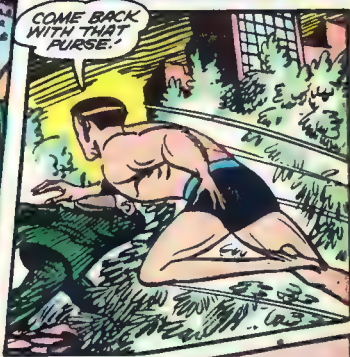
IN A SEC. I HAVE TO TAKE OFF THIS JEWELRY!



NOW, I REMEMBER SHE WAS CHAMP THEN MARRIED AND GAVE UP PRO SWIMMING!



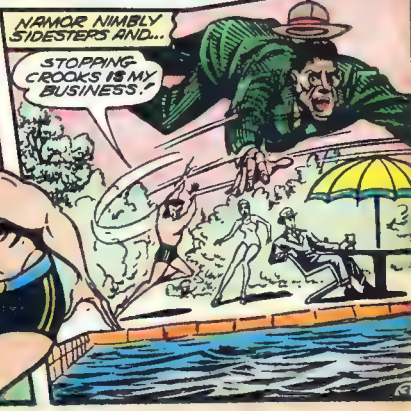
CARE-LESS OF HER TO LEAVE HER JEWELRY IN HER PURSE LIKE THAT.... OH, OH, SOME ONE'S AFTER IT.



COME BACK WITH THAT PURSE!

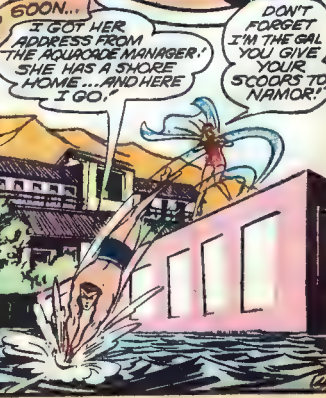
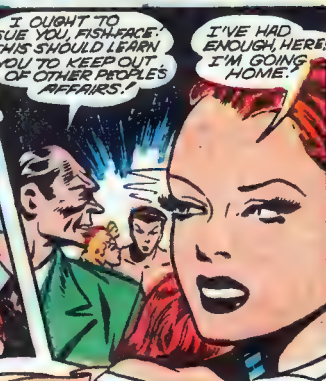
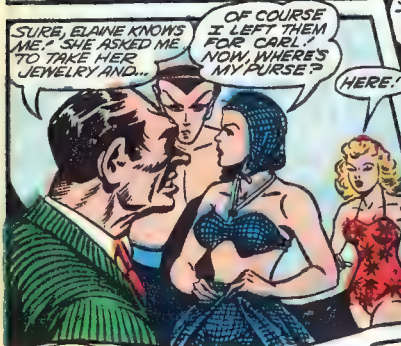
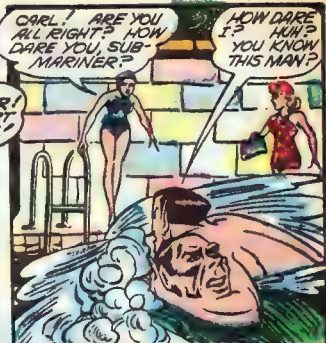
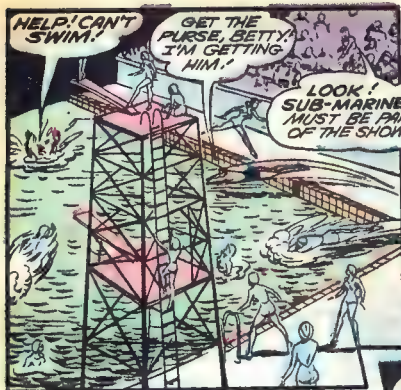


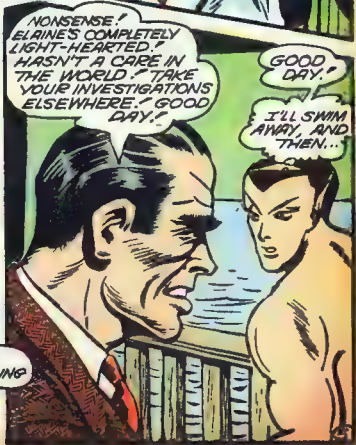
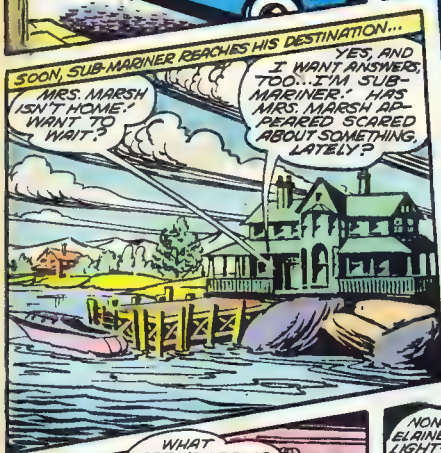
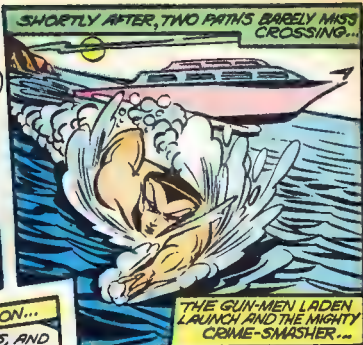
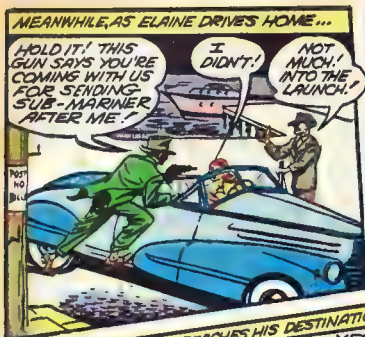
STICK TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS!



NAMOR NIMBLY SIDESTEPS AND...

STOPPING CROOKS IS MY BUSINESS!





BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...

NOW FOR A SWIM BACK
AND I'LL GO UP THROUGH
THE BASEMENT TO THAT
MAID... IF MARSH IS
HOLDING OUT INFORMATION
IT'S BEST HE DOESN'T
KNOW SHE'LL TALK.

A CAUTIOUS RE-ENTRANCE AND...

ALL CLEAR!
HMM? WHAT'S
SHE GOT THERE?

IN THE NEXT
BLACK-OUT
MOMENT!

SUDDENLY!

THE
LIGHTS!

OHNN!!

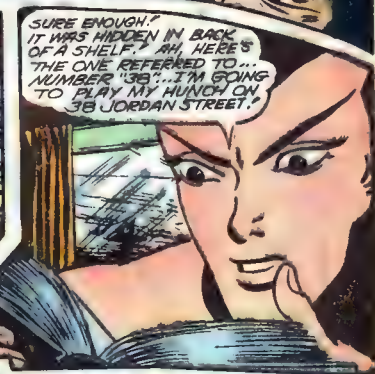
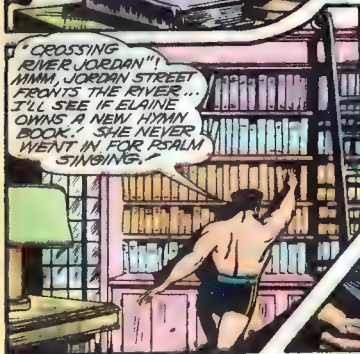
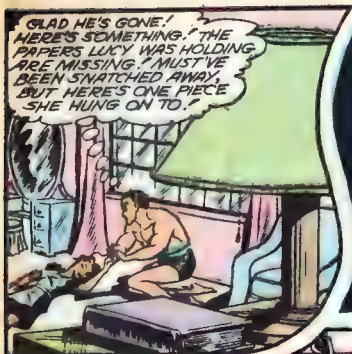
SOME HEAD-POUNING SECONDS LATER...

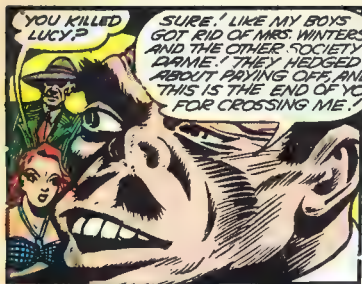
WHAT A
BLOW! OH,
MARSH!

I HEARD SHOTS!
CAME RIGHT UP!
GOOD LORD! LUCY!
MY WIFE'S MAID!
YOU KILLED
HER!

SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
BUT DON'T BE A FOOL,
MARSH! SHE HAD SOME-
THING TO TELL ME AND
SOMEONE KEPT HER
FROM TALKING!
MAYBE YOU!

NO! I'M
INNOCENT!
I'LL NOTIFY THE
POLICE! DO
WHATEVER YOU
CAN, SUB-
MARINER!





YOU KILLED LUCY?

SURE. I LIKE MY BOYS GOT RID OF MRS. WINTERS AND THE OTHER 'SOCIETY DAME.' THEY HEDGED ABOUT PAYING OFF, AND THIS IS THE END OF YOU FOR CROSSING ME.



AND YOU'RE BREAKING OUT IN A BUMP, CHUMP?

SUB-MARINER!



CARL, DO THE JOB ON HER.

OKAY, BOSS! I... HEY! THE WALL'S CRASHING IN!



AS REINFORCEMENTS RUSH IN, ATOMIC FISTS FLY WITH GIANT MIGHT.

SOME NEST OF BAD YEGGS HERE!



A KICK OF THIS ROPE LOOSENS THE...

SUDDENLY, IN THE MIST OF NAMOR'S
CONNECTING DYNAMIC BLOWS...

HA, HA! NOW
YOU CAN BOTH
DIE TOGETHER!



WE'RE MOVING TO NEW HEADQUARTERS!
CAN'T TAKE NO MORE CHANCES HERE!
AND WE GOT PLENTY MORE BUSINESS
WITH DAME CLIENTS... CARL GOT
THE KEYS, HUH? LOCK UP
AFTER WE SCRAM!



MONEY! THEY RAN
A BETTING SYNDICATE!
I BET HEAVILY, IT SEEMED
SO EXCITING! I WON,
THEN LOST TREMENDOUSLY!
THEY LOANED ME MONEY
AND I SIGNED OVER
I.O.U.'S FOR \$10,000!
I LOST THAT MONEY
TOO... THEY DEMANDED
PAYMENT...



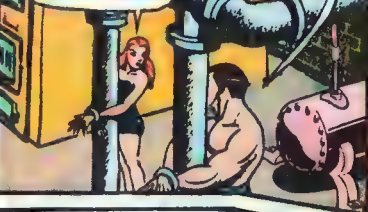
SOON AFTER, IN A BASEMENT ROOM...

WARM HERE, HUH? YOU'RE WILTED
AND HELPLESS, FISHY! BUT YOUR
TORTURE ENDS SOON. AS QUICK
AS WE CLEAR OUT, CARL WILL COME
DOWN AND PUMP BULLETS IN
BOTH YOUR BRAINS!



THOSE
FIENDS! I SHOULD
HAVE TOLD YOU ALL AT
THE AQUARCADE, BUT
THEY KEPT ME TOO
SCARED! POOR
LUCY WAS THE ONLY
ONE I TOLD!

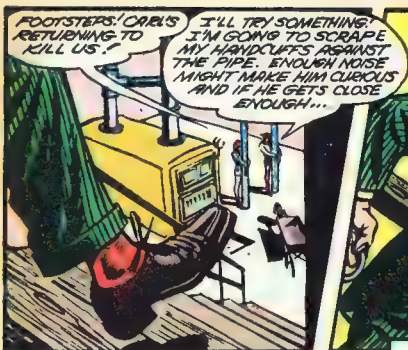
WHAT'S
THEIR
HOLD
ON YOU?



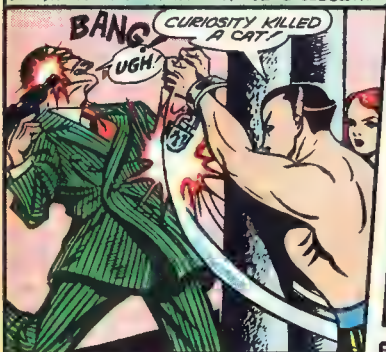
...THEY ARRANGED
TO STEAL MY JEWELRY
WORTH MORE THAN
\$10,000... IT'S ALL INSURED!
THEY SAID I MUST REPORT
THE THEFT!

AND TURN
OVER THE
INSURANCE
MONEY TO
THEM, NO
DOUBT!
HMMAN,
LISTEN!

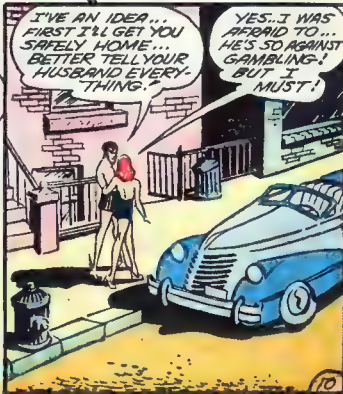
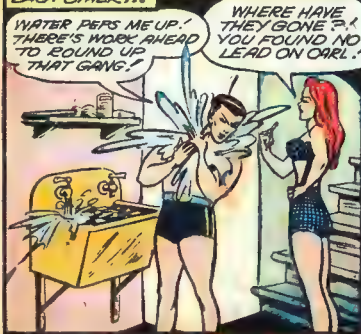




AS THE RUTHLESS GUNMAN STEPS CLOSE...



AS SOON AS THE CAPTIVES RELEASE EACH OTHER...



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

CHECK UP ON ALL INSURANCE COMPANIES RECENTLY RECEIVING REPORTED JEWELRY THEFTS. THAT INFORMATION MAY LEAD US TO THE GANG.

ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CHECK-UP CAN'T BE DONE UNTIL MORNING.

IF MRS. DORSET IS IN THE GANG'S CLUTCHES, AND THE THEFT TECHNIQUE SOUNDS LIKE IT, THEY SHOULD BE CONTACTING HER FOR THAT INSURANCE MONEY. AND I WANT TO BE THERE.

NEXT DAY...

YOU PHONED ON THE DOT, SUB-MARINER! A RUN OF JEWELRY THEFTS WERE REPORTED, THE LATEST FROM MRS. KAY DORSET, 208 RIVERSIDE ROAD. THE COMPANY JUST PAID HER \$10,000 INSURANCE MONEY.

I'LL PAY HER A CALL!

AT THE DORSET HOME.

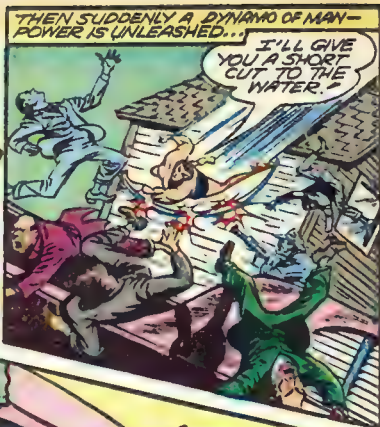
THAT MUST BE KAY DORSET! SHE'S IN A RUSH, SHE NERVOUSLY CLUTCHES HER PURSE, LOOKS ANXIOUSLY ABOUT. ALL THE EAR MARKS OF A RAY-OFF MEETING... I'LL TRAIL ALONG.

IN SHORT TIME...

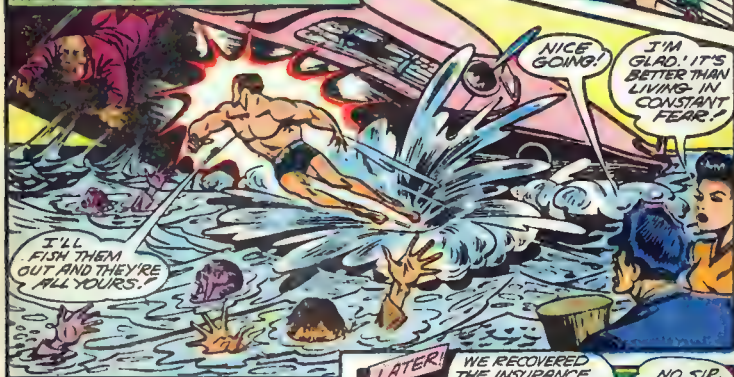
RIGHT ON TIME, MRS. DORSET. YOU FOLLOW ORDERS, YOU DON'T GET HURT. GOT THE DOUGH?

HERE'S THE \$10,000, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE COLLECTING INSURANCE MONEY ON A TRUMPED-UP THEFT.

YOU HAD NO CHOICE! AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! OR I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!



THE VOLCANIC NAMOR LEAPS IN A FLASH INTO THE SEA... AND AS MACHINE GUNS START TO SPLATTER...



Miss AMERICA

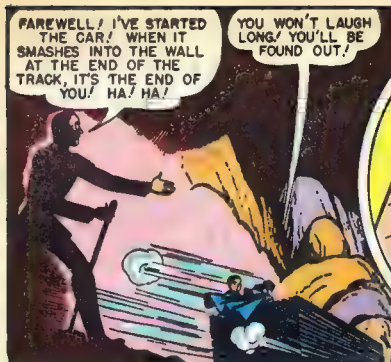
"DANGER
TRAIL!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORY THUS FAR...

ON THE TRAIL OF A MICROFILM ON WHICH IS PHOTOGRAPHED THE FORMULA FOR A SUN-RAY CONDENSER MORE POWERFULLY DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB, AND SOUGHT BY MANY ENEMY HANDS, THE DARING MISS AMERICA IS MADE CAPTIVE IN AN ABANDONED MINE IN BUENOS AIRES ALONG WITH COUNTERSPY TED BANNING! THEIR CAPTOR IS REX, A RUTHLESS ESCAPED NAZI LEADER INTENT ON BUILDING UP A NEW WAR MACHINE FOR WORLD CONQUEST! THE TRAPPED PAIR IS DOOMED TO A HORRIBLE DEATH!





FAREWELL! I'VE STARTED THE CAR! WHEN IT SMASHES INTO THE WALL AT THE END OF THE TRACK, IT'S THE END OF YOU! HA! HA!

YOU WON'T LAUGH LONG! YOU'LL BE FOUND OUT!



DON'T BE ABSURD! THE BLAST WON'T GIVE US AWAY! IT WILL BE SO FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, THE SOUND WILL BE MUFFLED! BESIDES, THESE ARE ONLY TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS! WE'RE MOVING ON AT ONCE! SO IT IS **INDEED, FAREWELL!**

As THE CAR OF DOOM GATHERS SPEED THRU THE DARKNESS.....



SOMETHING'S ON THE FLOOR, BANNING! IT LOOKS LIKE....YES, IT IS A PIECE OF A SHARP-EDGED TOOL!

WE'RE LEAVING THE FIRST LEVEL! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

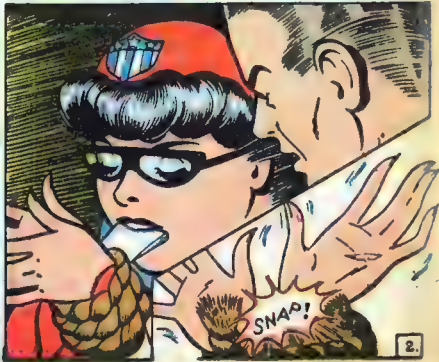


IF I CAN ONLY GET TO IT! I CAN JUST MANAGE. A HALF TURN TO THIS SIDE.... THERE! I CAN JUST MAKE IT! MUST HURRY! I PUSHED IT UP THE WALL WITH MY FOOT!

WITH THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS, MISS AMERICA STRUGGLES TO RAISE THE SHARP BIT OF METAL!



ONE CORNER LOOKS DULLED. IT WON'T CUT! I'LL TAKE IT IN MY TEETH!



WITH NUMBED FINGERS,
MISS AMERICA WORKS
FRANTICALLY TO FREE
HER SHOULDERS AS THE
SPEEDING CAR RACES
EVER FASTER DOWN THE
LOWER LEVEL TOWARD A
DREADFUL DOOM!

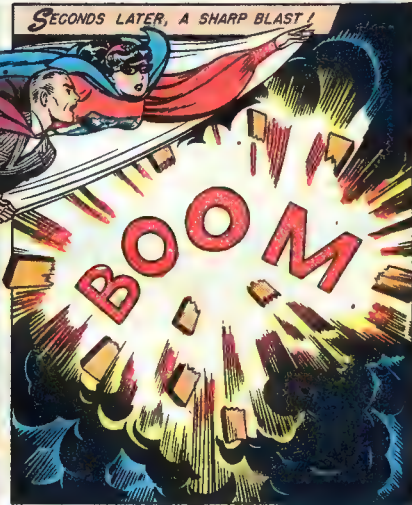
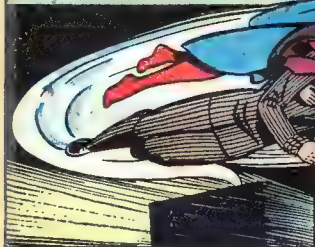


THE WALL'S IN
SIGHT! THERE'S
NOT MUCH TIME!



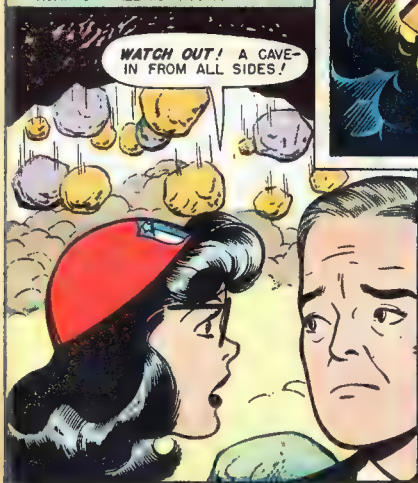
SLOUGHING OFF HER OWN FETTERS,
MISS AMERICA SWIFTLY FREES
BANNING - AND....

SECONDS LATER, A SHARP BLAST!



.....**FOLLOWED BY THE THUNDEROUS
ROAR OF FALLING ROCK!**

**WATCH OUT! A CAVE-
IN FROM ALL SIDES!**



TRAPPED!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS
DIGGING OUT! BUT
BEWARE OF FALLING
ROCK! IT MAY CAUSE
A NEW CAVE-IN. THESE
WALLS HAVE NO SUPPORT!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE / BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE STEEL TIES? MAYBE WE CAN USE THEM!

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO!

A SHORT WHILE LATER!

THAT SHOULD HOLD! AND WITH PIECES OF WRECKED CAR FOR SCOOPS, WE CAN DIG AWAY!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET OUT IN TIME TO FOIL OUR ENEMIES!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY HOSPITAL.....

HOW DID I GET HERE? A FINE THING, ELISE WINTERS IN A WARD! LET ME THINK..... I'D LEFT THE FARMHOUSE. I WAS DRIVING..... SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLANK-!

NURSE! NURSE!

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE? WHAT TIME IS IT?

FOUR P.M. YOU'VE BEEN HERE SINCE LAST NIGHT. AUTO ACCIDENT CASE -- YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS... AWOKE FOR A FEW MOMENTS THIS MORNING..

....THEN LAPSED AGAIN! FRANKLY YOU HAD US ALL PUZZLED - NO IDENTIFICATION, AND THAT RECENTLY DRESSED BULLET WOUND IN YOUR SHOULDER!

I'M FOND OF HUNTING. I WAS CLEANING MY GUN. IT WENT OFF ACCIDENTALLY!

INCIDENTALLY, WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?

IN ONE OF THE LOCKERS. 38, I BELIEVE, THROUGH THAT DOOR. WE'VE KEPT EVERYTHING. I'LL HAVE THE DOCTOR LOOK AT YOU NOW!

Then...

302 SAN DONA ROAD!

I'LL HEAD RIGHT OUT TO VELASQUEZA. HE'S MY LINK IN FINDING REX. REX, THAT BEAST, STEALING THE MICROFILM! I'LL FIX HIM!

TAXI

SHE REACHES THE SAN DONA ADDRESS....

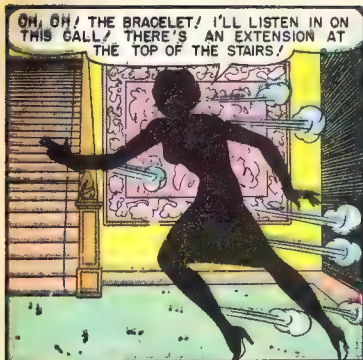
MISS WINTERS HERSELF! THE BOSS WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!

GOOD! IS HE HOME?

YEH, WE'RE GOING ON AN ERRAND FOR HIM. GO ON IN. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

SI, THIS IS VELASQUESA. WHO?
WHAT IS IT THAT YOU....
A BRACELET? SI, SI, SENORA,
I AM **VERY MUCH** INTERESTED!
CONTINUE, IF YOU PLEASE!

5



OH, OH! THE BRACELET! I'LL LISTEN IN ON THIS CALL! THERE'S AN EXTENSION AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!



BUT OF COURSE, THE CASA DE LUTRIO-402- MRS. JANE RUTGERS! IF IT IS WHAT I SEEK, SENORA, I SHALL PAY WELL! MUCHAS GRACIAS, SENORA RUTGERS!

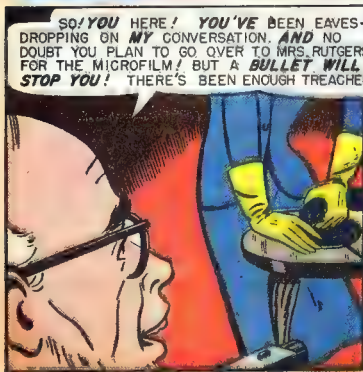


MRS. **RUTGERS**, EH? WHAT A LAUGH! I'D BET A MINK COAT SHE'S MY **DARLING** SISTER MARY VARNHAM. I'VE HEARD HER DO THAT DISGUISED VOICE BEFORE! ONLY I KNOW HOW WELL SHE DOES IT!

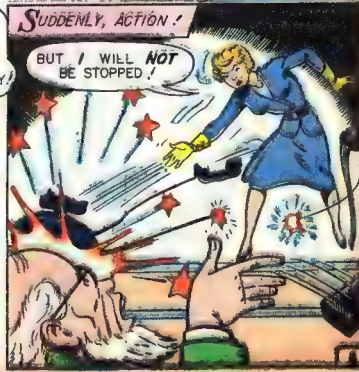


I'LL GET THERE AHEAD OF VELASQUESA, AND....

OH!



SO! YOU HERE! YOU'VE BEEN EAVES-DROPPING ON MY CONVERSATION. AND NO DOUBT YOU PLAN TO GO OVER TO MRS. RUTGERS FOR THE MICROFILM! BUT A **BULLET WILL STOP YOU!** THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH TREACHERY!



SUDDENLY, ACTION!

BUT I WILL NOT BE STOPPED!

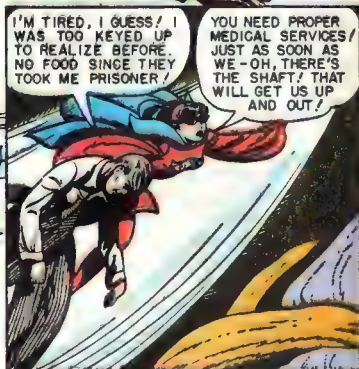


AND BACK IN THE MINE....



DUG OUT AT LAST!
WE'LL HEAD BACK
THE WAY WE...WE...

TED, YOU'RE HURT!
YOU'RE STUMBLING!
LET ME HELP!



I'M TIRED, I GUESS! I
WAS TOO KEYED UP
TO REALIZE BEFORE.
NO FOOD SINCE THEY
TOOK ME PRISONER!

YOU NEED PROPER
MEDICAL SERVICES!
JUST AS SOON AS
WE—OH, THERE'S
THE SHAFT! THAT
WILL GET US UP
AND OUT!

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

BANNING'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF. I'M GLAD
HE'S SAFE! BUT REX STILL HAS THAT NAZI
EXPOSE LIST! AND THE MICROFILM FORMULA'S
AT LARGE! MY ONLY BET IS VELASQUESA! REX
MAY HAVE CONTACTED HIM ALREADY!



VELASQUESA? WHAT HELP CAN HE BE!



MOTIONLESS, LIFELESS, WHILE ELISE
WINTERS HASTENS TO THE CASA DE
LUTRIO TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE
MICROFILM!

FOLLOW THE DARING MISS AMERICA
IN THE NEXT POWER-PACKED EPISODE
OF THIS THRILLING ADVENTURE, IN
MARVEL COMICS NO. 84!



FOUR ALARM FIRE

EVER since Dill had been a small child, he had insisted that some day he would be a fireman. Now, that realization had come true. Dill had just received word from the city's Fire Department that he had passed their rigid examination. Tomorrow, he was to report to the Aerial Ladder Company, where he would be assigned as a rear driver on the huge ladder truck.

During breakfast that morning, fire chief Kimball admitted begrudgingly to his wife Molly that their son had passed his exam and was now on the Department's payroll.

"But, Molly!" exclaimed the chief to his wife. "The boy will make me the laughing stock of the entire Fire Department. You know he has no stomach for smoke; just the smallest whiff and the boy becomes sick. Can you imagine what will happen when the boy finds himself completely surrounded by smoke?"

Chief Kimball hesitated for a moment.

"I must ask him to resign," he continued. "As a Fire Chief responsible for the welfare of his men and as a fatherly duty, I must ask Dill to forward his resignation to the Department!"

Mrs. Kimball looked across the breakfast table at her husband's bowed head. Leaning forward, she gently patted her husband's arm.

"I understand your feelings, dear, but it is only right that we let our boy have his chance. I don't suppose you remember those years back, when everyone laughed to hear you had joined the Department? Smoke bothered *you* then, but now look . . . here you are the head of all the Fire Departments in the City. Can't you see why we must give our boy a chance?" Molly pleaded.

Slowly the Chief raised his head, his blue eyes looking squarely at his wife. For one fleeting moment their eyes met and held, each seek-

ing for understanding. Then slowly the Chief's eyes wavered and fell.

"All right," came Kimball's reply. "Dill can have . . . just *one* chance."

Dill stood dumbfounded at the top of the stairs. His ears were ringing with the words his mother and father had just spoken. A bolt of lightning from the heavens would have effected him less. Dazed by this verbal blow, Dill dashed madly down the stairs and out of the house.

. . . A low impressive silence came over the fire-house as Dill entered. The men had all heard the rumor that the Chief was giving the boy just one chance to prove his worth; their hearts went out to this likeable red-headed youngster.

Slowly Dill walked to his locker; his mind completely absorbed with the words his father had mentioned. So engrossed was his mind in the matter, that he did not realize the fire alarm was ringing, 'til his mind, trained in the firemen's way, mechanically picked it up.

One, two, rang the alarm; then one, two, three, four rang the shrill tones of the bell. Suddenly, the importance of the alarms struck Dill. A FOUR ALARM FIRE! Men all about him began climbing into their rubber boots, grabbing their steel helmets and rushing from the room, when suddenly the bells began clanging with an intensity that made every man's blood leap with excitement.

"All right, men, shake a leg now," cried Thompson the driver. "It's a four alarm fire, the tenement section down by the East River; it's blazing like mad!"

Dill's young body responded to the excitement that the alarm had caused. His heart was pounding madly as he grasped the pole and slid to the ground floor. With one jump he leaped to the rear drive of the aerial truck. Seeing the huge horizontal wheel

naled Thompson he was ready. With a shattering roar, the powerful engine came to life. Its powerful siren screaming, the fire-wagon leaped from the garage, and the race to save lives was on.

Dill's huge fingers grasped the rear wheel firmly, every nerve of his body alert, tense and understanding, for one miscalculation on the rounding of a corner or passing a vehicle and disaster would follow. Traffic came to a sudden standstill as the huge fire-truck dashed madly down the crowded thoroughfares. The ominous wail of its siren screeched menacingly into the ears of all and sundry . . . to take care, clear the way, life and death were having a race!

Skillfully, Dill manipulated the big rear wheel, deftly avoiding death by inches as they roared swiftly through the city. At last the fire-truck rounded the River St. corner to come upon the blazing tenement houses.

Dill's young fire-wise eyes swept the scene. Directly in front of him could be seen the huge burning dwellings, while the entire area surrounding the block was covered with every available bit of apparatus in the city. There, in the center of all the excitement, stood Chief Kimball's white-coated car, and the Chief himself could be plainly seen talking through the microphone. In this manner did the Chief direct his men in the most disastrous fire that had ever swept the city.

A hurried call was made for the aerial truck. His father's voice came booming out of the speaker.

"Get that aerial truck to the south section before those people burn to death!"

All eyes were fixed intently on the red truck. The surging throng, noting the emergency and dangerous job it required, cheered the men on and pleaded with them to hurry. With catlike movements Dill paced the big ladder back and signaled Thompson that now the ladder was in position. No sooner was the pressure exerted from the powerful engines than the ladder slowly began to rise in the air.

Instantly Dill started racing up the ladder, his team-mates right behind him. The huge ladder swung the valiant crew right in the midst of the devilish gray clouded smoke.

Steadily the men raced upward, while the ladder trembled under their combined weight.

"Save me! Save me!" came the frantic pleadings of those imprisoned in the fiery death-trap.

Suddenly, thick smoke mushroomed out from the third floor, enveloping all on the ladder. The black smoke gurgled in Dill's mouth; his ears were ringing like a church bell. Oh, how he hated smoke! Now he felt light and dizzy; he could barely breathe. It was becoming hot, suffocatingly hot! He could stand it no longer. The smoke had won; he *must* go down! But suddenly he realized that he would *not* go down. For, as Dill reached the top of the ladder, the figure of a little boy came rushing to the window. Expertly Dill grabbed him and handed him down the ladder. One after the other, he helped the imprisoned to escape, until finally all had been rescued. Forgotten had been the smoke and the terrible ultimatum his father had delivered!

It was now becoming very hot, as the searing flames, cheated of their prey, sent their red-coated tongues to torture the men who had rescued their victims. The heat was terrific; Dill could hear his team-mates yelling for him to come down. But Dill would not budge. Through the smoke-embellished walls, he had heard a woman's scream.

His breath was coming in short, wheezy gasps; his heart pounded like mad. Desperately, he clung to the ladder. And suddenly, a laugh gurgled abruptly in his throat, for he was no longer sick or afraid! He entered the room and lifted the inert form of a woman who had been overcome by smoke. Dill carried her down the ladder. The crowd cheered wildly and broke through the police cordon to surround the gallant boy. Then Dill fainted!

Dill awoke to the flashing of the photographers' bulbs. Slowly he looked around, right into the eyes of his father who had pillowed the boy's head on his knee. Dill managed a weak smile.

"Is *this* the boy who could not stand smoke?" asked one reporter.

"No!" answered Dill's father slowly but proudly. "This is the boy who *gats* smoke!"

THE END

YOUNG ALLIES



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BUCKY ASSUMES THE ROLE OF MAYOR, AND HIS PAL TORO IS THROWN INTO JAIL FOR A CRIME HE DID NOT COMMIT? FOR THE EXCITING ANSWER, FOLLOW THE YOUNG ALLIES ON A THRILLING TRAIL OF SUSPENSE AND ACTION, WHEN ONE OF THE FIGHTING YOUTHS BECOMES MAYOR FOR A DAY, IN THIS TALE OF...

"TERROR at TWILIGHT!"

IN THE CLUBHOUSE
OF THE
YOUNG ALLIES...

HERE COMES
TORO NOW!

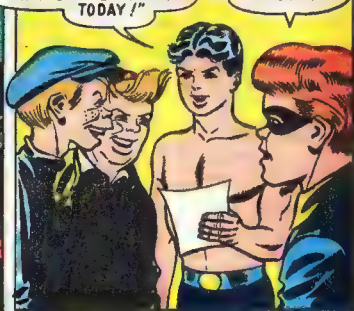
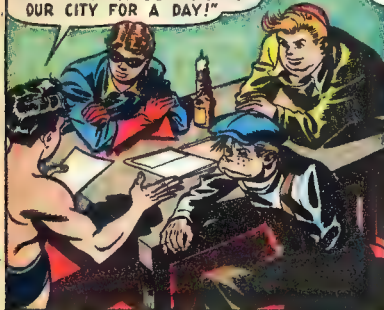
HEY, BUCKY, THE
MAILMAN JUST
DELIVERED A
LETTER ADDRESSED
TO YOU!



IT'S FROM CITY HALL! IT SAYS:
"AS YOU KNOW, A BOY IS CHOSEN
EACH YEAR TO BE MAYOR OF
OUR CITY FOR A DAY!"

"YOU'VE BEEN PICKED
THIS YEAR, AND WILL
TAKE OFFICE AT NOON
TODAY!"

QUIT KIDDING,
TORO. WHAT'S
THE JOKE?



GOLLY! HE'S RIGHT! IT'S
SIGNED BY THE MAYOR
HIMSELF!

WOW! ARE WE
GONNA HAVE
A BIG TIME!



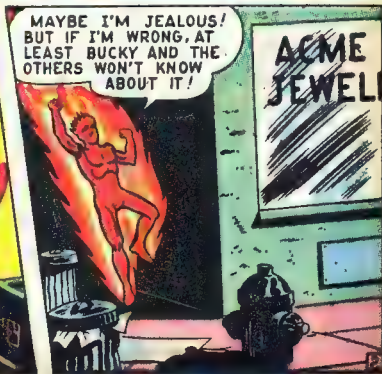
THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY'VE
FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE JOB WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO DO. WELL, I'LL
TACKLE THE JORDON GANG-
ALONE!

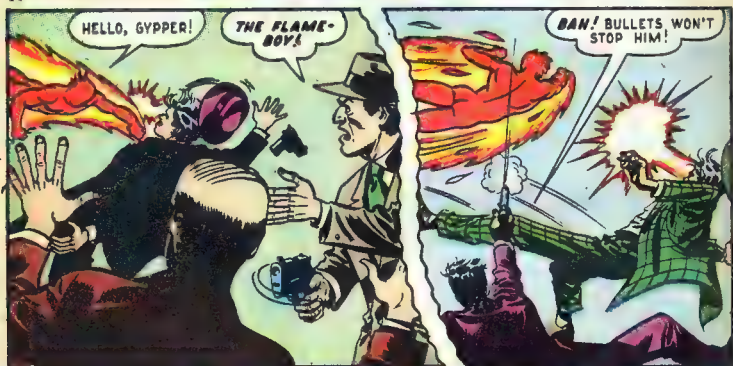


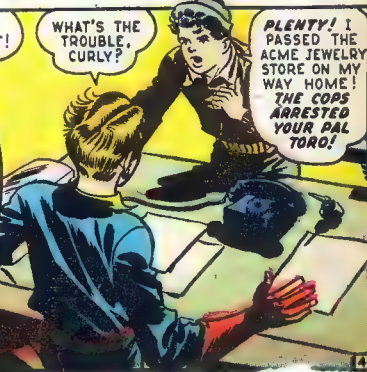
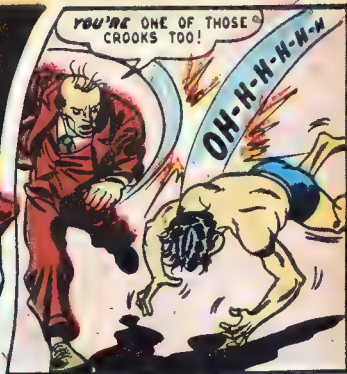
WE'VE BEEN TRAILING THE
GANG FOR WEEKS! THE EVIDENCE
WE GOT INDICATES THEY MAY
TRY TO KNOCK OFF THE ACME
JEWELRY STORE! THIS IS MY
CHANCE TO OUTSHINE
BUCKY!

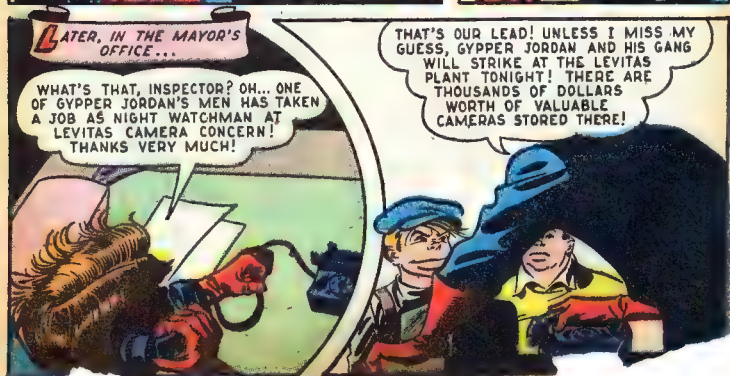
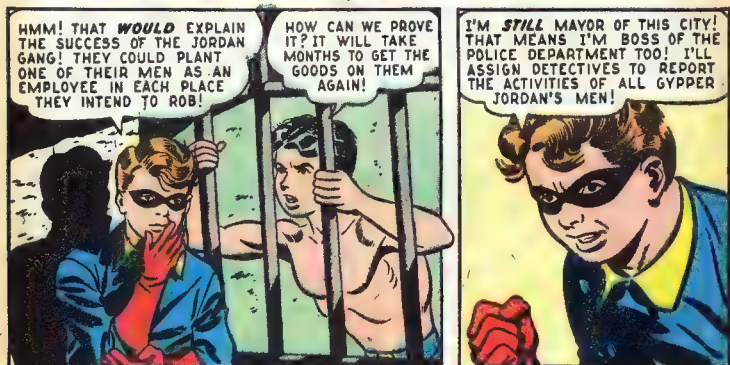
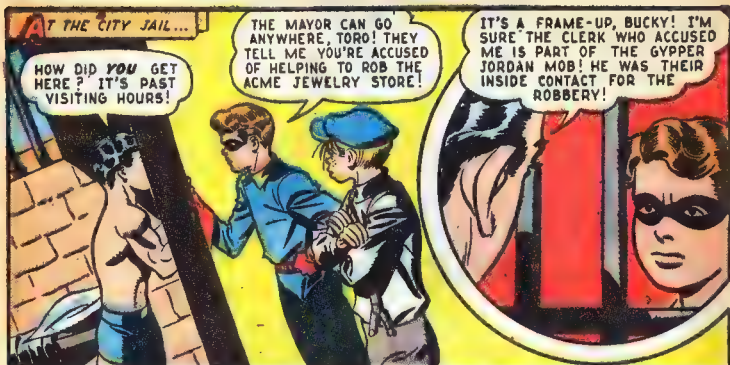


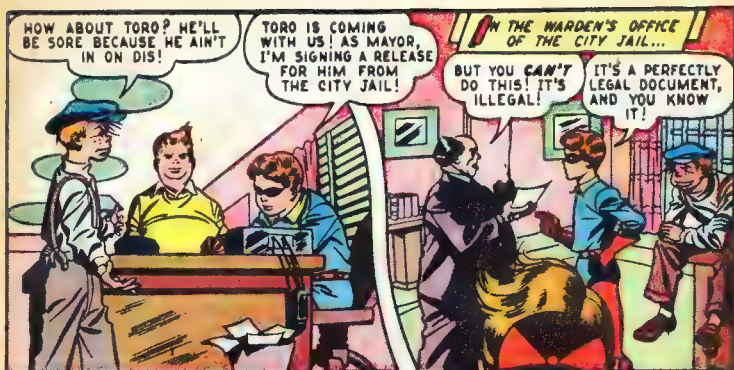
MAYBE I'M JEALOUS!
BUT IF I'M WRONG, AT
LEAST BUCKY AND THE
OTHERS WON'T KNOW
ABOUT IT!

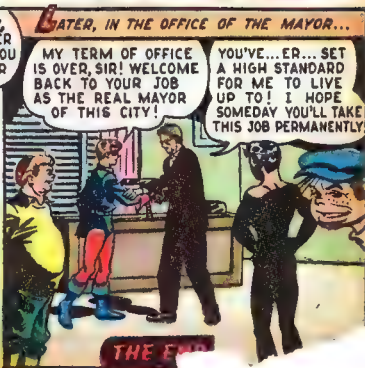
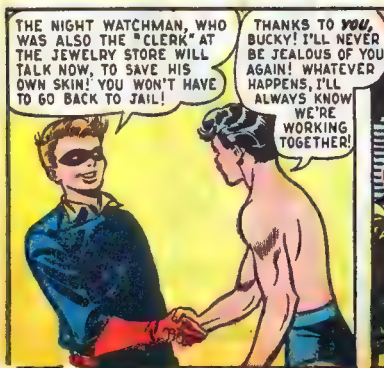










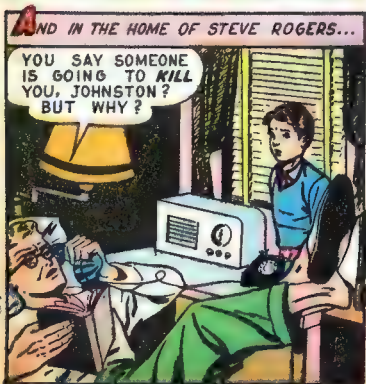
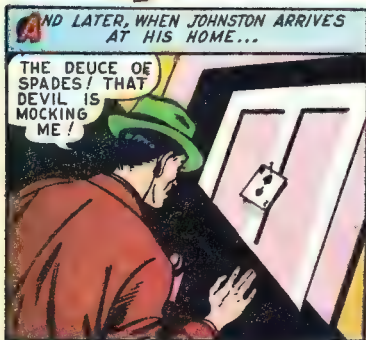


CAPTAIN AMERICA

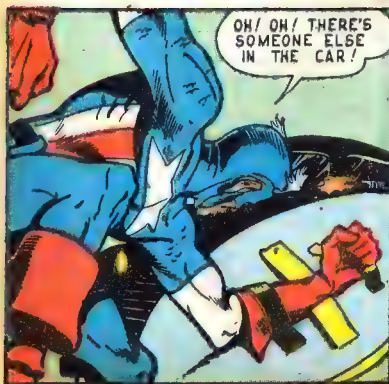


MEN DIE, AND THE ONLY CLUE TO THEIR MURDERS IS A DEUCE OF SPADES CLUTCHED IN THE RIGID HANDS OF THE VICTIMS! THE STAKES ARE HIGH WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASH INTO A DEN OF EVIL, AND TRY TO HOLD THE FINAL TRUMP CARD, WHERE THERE IS...

"The DEVIL to PAY!"



MOMENTS LATER, STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION BECOME THE FAMED FIGHTING TEAM OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!



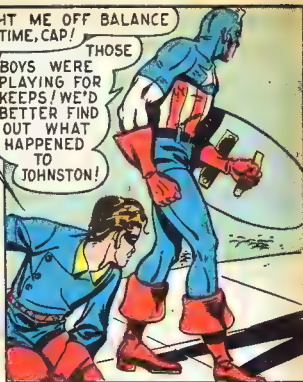
A QUICK SURGE OF POWERFUL ENGINES AND BUCKY IS SENT FLYING!



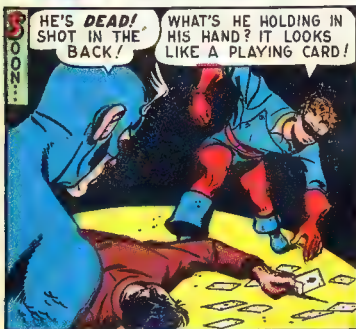
WHOOAAA!

CAUGHT ME OFF BALANCE THAT TIME, CAP!

THOSE BOYS WERE PLAYING FOR KEEPS! WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHNSTON!

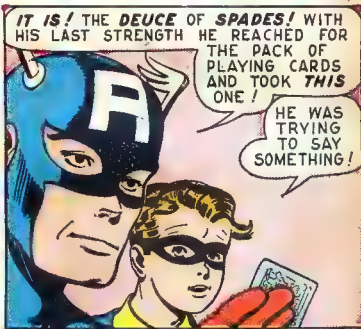


BOON: HE'S DEAD! SHOT IN THE BACK! WHAT'S HE HOLDING IN HIS HAND? IT LOOKS LIKE A PLAYING CARD!



IT IS! THE DEUCE OF SPADES! WITH HIS LAST STRENGTH HE REACHED FOR THE PACK OF PLAYING CARDS AND TOOK THIS ONE!

HE WAS TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!



I'VE A HUNCH, BUCKY! THAT MESSAGE LEADS TO THE 'HOUSE OF CARDS', AND A MAN CALLED DEUCES WILDE!



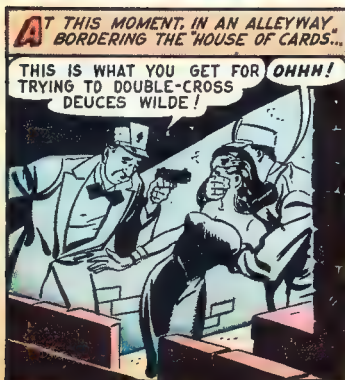
LATER, IN THE "HOUSE OF CARDS"...

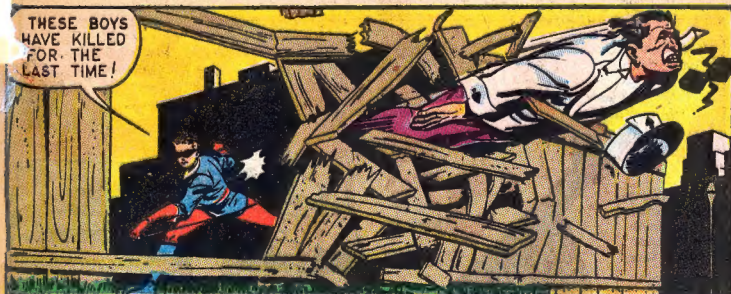
SURE, I ADMIT JOHNSTON WAS ONE OF OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS! IN FACT HE DIED OWING ME A LOT OF MONEY!

THAT MAY BE WHY HE DIED, EH, DEUCES?









THESE BOYS
HAVE KILLED
FOR THE
LAST TIME!



THEN, IN DEUCES WILDE'S
OFFICE...

OKAY— POINT
TO THE MAN
WHO SENT YOU
OUT TO KILL
JOHNSTON!

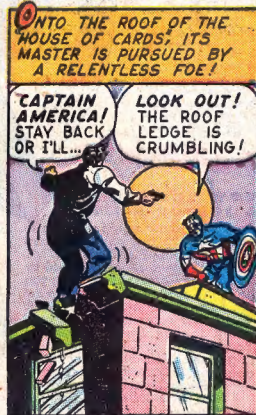
IT WAS THE
BOSS—
DEUCES
WILDE!



ABRUPTLY DEUCES
WHIRLS TO THE
LIGHT SWITCH. IN THE
DARKNESS, A GUN
BLASTS AWAY!

HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!

LEAVE HIM
FOR ME,
BUCKY!



ONTO THE ROOF OF THE
HOUSE OF CARDS; ITS
MASTER IS PURSUED BY
A RELENTLESS FOE!

CAPTAIN
AMERICA!
STAY BACK
OR I'LL...

LOOK OUT!
THE ROOF
LEDGE IS
CRUMBLING!



THAT'S THE END
OF DEUCES WILDE!
HIS "HOUSE OF
CARDS" COLLAPSED
BENEATH HIM—
LIKE A HOUSE
OF CARDS!



FAR BELOW, A FLUTTERING, TWISTING
CARD COMES TO REST ON THE CRUSHED
CHEST OF THE MASTER OF CARDS!

THE DEUCE OF SPADES! IRONIC, ISN'T IT,
THAT HE SHOULD BE MARKED FOR
DEATH BY HIS OWN
CALLING CARD!

DEATH HELD
THE LAST TRUMP
AFTER ALL!

THE END

Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

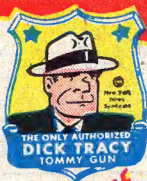
that LOOKS and SOUNDS
just like the real McCoy!

Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action
- ★ All-metal, precision-cost hardened copper alloy
- ★ Real gun-metal finish
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club

\$3.79
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



TAT-TAT
**RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION**
TAT-TAT

Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of our magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-112
608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois

**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Price in Canada add 10c No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Free!

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR



GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, X-28!
YOUR NUMBERS UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!



WHAT'S
THIS?

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING IT MIGHT GO OFF



HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT X-28'S APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY



I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR, THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING



IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME
WHY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!



YES, KIDS.
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER AND
IMAGINE YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
MAIL THE COUPON NOW



**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP**

... even if you are not delighted with your
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not
completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY
GUN for a complete refund and keep this
wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective
Badge FREE!

Never Before has \$1.95 bought
so much writing satisfaction!

Now You Can Enjoy the
Smooth-Writing Convenience of an

ESCORT BALL POINT
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REVOLUTIONARY principle
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AT LAST! You can own a top-quality
ball-point pen at a rock-bottom price.
But don't let Escort's low price fool you.
Each feather-weight Escort Pen is a
precision-built, scientifically engi-
neered writing instrument that com-
pares in beauty and serviceability
with pens costing \$10 and \$15. Mail
the coupon today! Send no money
—pay postman \$1.95 plus postage.

5-DAY TRIAL

Use your Escort Pen for 5 days.
If you don't feel that it com-
pares both in beauty and per-
formance with pens costing
many times its price, you may
return it and we'll cheerfully re-
fund every penny you paid...
and that's a promise!

As
Compact
and Easy to
Carry as a
Cigarette
Lighter

Featherweight
Precision Built

BALL-POINT WRITING PERFECTION

Compare these features with \$15 ball-point pens:

- ★ Writes From 3 Months to 3 Years Without Refilling
- ★ Ink Cartridge May Be Replaced in a Jiffy
- ★ Precision-ground Ball Rolls the Ink on Dry
- ★ Handy vest-pocket or purse size (only 4 in. long)
- ★ Feather-Light (actually weighs less than 1 ounce)
- ★ Writes Under Water or High in the Sky
- ★ Lustrous Aluminum Alloy for a Lifetime of Beauty
- ★ Comes in a Choice of 6 Rich Colors:

SILVER BLACK GREEN BLUE MAROON GOLD

Now! You, too, can say "A Little Bird Told Me!"

HOT or COLD — RAIN or SHINE

Lucky Weather Bird
Forecaster

WILL GIVE
YOU THE SIGN \$1.98

POST
PAID

When my tail is bright and blue
Sunny days will come to you.
If it turns to pink instead,
Rainy weather's just ahead.

By my neck you may be sure
Of the change in temperature.
Cold or hot... don't doubt my word
I'm your Lucky Weather Bird.

HIS TAIL
CHANGES COLOR and
FORECASTS THE WEATHER

HIS NECK IS A
TRIPLE-TESTED
SCIENTIFIC
THERMOMETER

7"
TALL

THE MOST
AMAZING
WEATHER
FORECASTER
YOU'VE
EVER SEEN!

THIS TAG
IS
ATTACHED
TO EACH
LUCKY
WEATHER
BIRD

Sent to
You on a
100%
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEE

The Winner
by a Neck

Get the Inside
Story of the
Mystifying Tale
of a
Mystifying Tail

Yes, it's amazing in its accuracy, and mystifying in its
simplicity—but that's not all! Your LUCKY WEATHER
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see this weather forecasting sensation, they'll want
one, too. So why not play it safe and order several.
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CHECK ITEMS WANTED:

— ESCORT Ball Point Pens.....@ \$1.95 ea.

CHOICE OF COLORS—

Give First and Second Choice:

— Silver — Black — Green

— Blue — Maroon — Gold

— Extra Ink Cartridges.....@ .25 ea.

— Red — Green — Blue

— Lucky Weather Bird.....@ 1.98 ea.

Total Amt. of Order \$.....

Price in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing \$..... Send my order POSTPAID.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus postage.

Name.....

Please print clearly

Address.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

SEND
NO
MONEY

MAIL
COUPON
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HAVE FUN... EARN MONEY...

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